THE CAUSE OF THE DEGRADATION OF MAN.



BY HENRY ADAMS.



ST. JOHN, N. B.:
PRINTED BY E. J. ARMSTRONG,
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How frequently we hear individuals discussing the horrors of war, and deploring its evils. There can be no doubt that it is an evil, and yet there are certain honors connected with it that throw a ray of sunshine upon the dark and sombre clouds, and cause the silver lining to break through in radiant beauty. What fond mother does not feel proud that her son died upon the field of battle, nobly defending his Queen and country? What fond mother would not cherish the last words of her dying boy, "Tell mother I die for my country?" What fond wife, as her companion bids her farewell to face the cannon's mouth, does not offer up a silent prayer to God for the safe return of him to her and the little ones? What young man, after facing the enemy, would not like to return and relate the history of the battles he has fought and won? Yes, there is a ray of sunshine in war, but there is an evil, upon which no angel in heaven can throw a ray of light to illumine the darkness that rests upon that dark and damning evil, "Drink." Nothing can uphold it, nothing can vindicate it. It is an evil that causes misery, despair and crime of the darkest dye. There can be no bright side to the picture. Let us look at the once peaceful home, as we gaze upon the cheerful countenances of father and mother surrounded by their little ones. How eagerly they listen as father and mother read from the Book of Books, and relate to them the story of God's love; watch them at noon or night, as they hear the fathers footsteps upon

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the threshold, how they run in childish glee to greet him; watch them at even, as the mother teaches them to lisp their first prayer to that Holy Being unto whose care they are consigned. Peace and contentment reign in that home. Can these scenes change? Alas! they can. The scene has changed; in an evil moment the tempter has spread his wily folds. The demon of hell has entered that home. Look now upon that fond mother, as she sits in her home of poverty and woe; look at her as she folds her babe to her breast, to protect it from the cold and chilling blast of a winter storm; look upon her pale and haggard features, her torn and tattered clothing; look at the anguish that is depicted upon her countenance. Oh, God! who can read that mother's heart? Look at the little ones as they nestle together and watch the dying embers of the last of their fuel; listen to their heart-rending cries for bread; look upon the pale, emaciated forms of those once happy children. Ah! Listen! Footsteps are heard; 'tis tho footsteps of the man who, before heaven, swore to love and protect the woman that he had torn from her home, the woman that had sacrificed all for his love. He enters his wretched home; watch him as he staggers toward that devoted wife with a fierce oath; watch the blood-shot eyes, the uplifted hand as it falls upon the head of that unhappy creature; one piercing cry, and she sinks upon the floor a bleeding corpse; look in love and compasion upon the helpless babes, as they gaze upon the face of their mother's murderer. Did heaven ever decree that man, a being after God's own image, should so debase himself that he should be upon a level with the brute creatures? Nay, God gave to man reason, while He gave to the brute instinct only; yet in many instances man has sunk below the brute. Man will partake of that which will destroy him morally and physically, alienate him from his God, his home and family, his kindred and all positions of honor and trust, and will finally plunge him into a vortex that will ruin both body and soul. Let us look upon the young man, who was once the pride of the family circle, esteemed and respected by all who knew him; look at him to-day, as he comes forth from some den of iniquity, where he has been spending the night in drunken revelry with

vile companions, who lured him from his home regardless of his father's entreaties, despite his mother's prayers, and the earnest appeals of an affectionate sister, who have sought to turn him from the road to eternal ruin. All is vain, he heeds not their warning voice or their earnest prayers. Alcohol has done its damnable work; he has become entangled in the web, and now lies writhing in the embrace of the subtle creature that has wound its folds around him; soon its fangs will pierce the vital part that will plunge him into a yawning chasm, from which no human power can extricate him. Look at him as he emerges from one drinking hell to another, how he staggers to and fro a loathsome and disgusting creature, with the fumes of alcohol ascending from his breath equal to the sulphuric fumes that ascend from Ætna's burning mount. Crime after crime is committed, warning after warning passes by unheeded, and finally, in a drunken brawl, the bullet or the knife has pierced the heart of his companion; and thus another unprepared soul is launched into eternity without a moment's warning, and he, the bright-eyed boy that sat upon his mother's knee while she fondly sported with his golden tresses, is now confined in a felon's cell, there to ponder over his wretched life, thinking of the woe and misery he has brought upon that once happy home. He has looked upon their faces for the last time, and bid them a last farewell. Next time he comes forth from that cell it will be to pay the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold — and all this came from the first glass. Oh! ye rocks and hills, could ye speak, would ye not invoke the powers of heaven to curse the inhuman monster that sold him the first glass? but, ah! listen to the voice that comes from heaven's great King: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Go into the silent graveyard, as the evening shades prevail, and gaze upon the new-made grave. There, beneath the sod, rest the remains of what a short time ago was a blushing bride. Little did she think when she stood at the altar and placed herself in the keeping of a man who pledged himself to protect her in health or in sickness, in poverty or in wealth, that he would become her murderer. Alas! that pledge was soon broken, the serpent that charmed her soon showed his venomous fangs, and

buried them deeply in the young heart that trusted him. Listen to the feathered songsters, as they warble forth their heaven-tuned lays, and the gentle zephyrs, as they chant a solemn requiem o'er the beautiful bride that was stricken down by the murderous hand of a drunken husband. Free from strife and turmoil, rest on, thou gentle slumberer, the trump that shall awaken thee will sound, thy pure and spotless soul will soar to realms above, there to stand before the eternal King as a witness against strong drink. Young woman, can you place your destiny in the hands of a drunkard? Can you confide in the promises he has made you? Can you be happy when you know that your companion prefers the company of low, drinking associates, who night after night frequent the lowest haunts of vice and debauchery? Can you feel safe in his presence when under the influence of alcohol? Can you think that he will ever perform the vows that he made you? Do not be deceived; he will not; he cannot, for it is not consistent with the law of God or of nature for the evil to do good. All good works proceed from God. He has denounced strong drink. He has distinctly and emphatically declared that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Then do not be deceived; do not bring a cloud over your life; do not stand upon the brink of a precipice, whose yawning chasm is open to receive you; do not bring misery and woe upon yourself and family by placing your life in the hands of a drunkard.

Let us look into yonder cottage, and what do we see? An aged widowed mother partially reclining on a chair, with an open Bible before her, her tearful eyes upturned to heaven, her hands clasped, her aching heart pouring forth a silent prayer to God for her undutiful son, who is the only support, who ought to be a solace to the fond mother that has watched over him from his infancy. Who knows the privations and the agonies that fond mother has endured on his account since she caught the first accents that fell from his prattling lips; who knows the anguish or the bitter remorse that has pierced that mother's heart, as she has watched him slowly, but surely, treading the path that is leading him to eternal ruin. Watch her as she sits in her lonely room, waiting for the boy that she loves to return. 'Tis midnight. The clock

tolls forth the hour of three, still he comes not. Again the clock strikes four. Hearken, voices are heard, her tottering frame goes to meet him. Does he come? Oh, yes; but not alone. He is borne in the arms of others; the door opens, and at the feet of that unhappy mother is laid the lifeless clay of her only child. No word is spoken; one agonized look, one piercing scream, and the soul of that mother has flown to her God. Mother and child are separated forever; together in death, but separated in heaven.

Let us next look out on the vast expanse of ocean, and gaze upon the stately ship as she furrows the deep; see how she battles with the furious elements above her; watch her as she rides upon the crest of the wave, dashing the spray from her prow. She heeds not the elements or the seething cauldron beneath her, onward she speeds with her freight of living souls; they are light-hearted and joyous as they fondly think of the loved ones they have not seen for years. Heaven's breeze favors them; even the gallant ship herself seems to divine their thoughts, and moves steadily onward; nothing occurs to mar their pleasure, all goes well, they gather in groups, and admire the wonderful works of the Great Creator as they cast their eyes to the blue vaulted sky, behold the myriads of glittering stars that illumine their ocean pathway; or they look downwards into the fathomless ocean and observe the animaculæ that are emitting such brilliant phosphorescent light from their diminutive forms; yes, they gaze in awe and admiration at the wonderful works of God, and send up a silent prayer that He will safely guide them o'er the trackless ocean. Time has passed on, and again they gather in groups; far away on the distant horizon can be seen the peaks of their native land; thus far the dangers of the ocean have been escaped, and soon they hope to meet their friends. The day has passed, the sun has sunk beneath the western horizon, they seek repose in their ocean cradle, fondly hoping that on the morrow their anxious friends will greet them; but, alas! their fond hopes are never to be realized, they little think the stately ship that brought them safely across the ocean is to be their tomb, and the waters they so often admired, their winding sheet. Alcohol has again

done its damnable work, one false order from her drunken commander has changed her course, she now deviates from the right track. Onward she speeds, faster and faster, as though the fiends themselves were in consort with the winds to hasten her on to destruction. Hark, what is that? comes from the lookout. It is "Breakers ahead." Oh, God. "'Tis too late," she strikes, the breakers overwhelm her, her sails are torn in shreds, her timbers creak, and all that is left of that stately ship and happy throng are a few broken fragments and the mutilated forms the merciless waves have washed on the shore. Let us go into the poor asylum and gaze upon the inmates there. We will find among those who once moved in the highest society, men of wealth, men of talent, men who once thought that nothing could deprive them of their talents or their wealth. But, alas! what will strong drink not do? We see what it has done for some of the nobles of the land; it has brought them step by step from the palace to the poorhouse, and those who once enjoyed every luxury that wealth could obtain have now to subsist upon the charity of others — excluded from all society, forsaken by their wealthy connections, despised by those who once cultivated their acquaintance, they are left to drag out the remaining days of their life until it shall please the Master to call them home, when their last resting place is found in a pauper's grave. Go into the cell of the condemned murderer, and look upon him as he sits in that dismal place. Look upon his care-worn brow, his sunken eyes, his hollow cheeks. Listen to the clank of the chains with which he is bound, awaiting the day that he pays the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold. Ask him what has placed him in that position? In nine cases out of ten the answer will be "drink." Fellow traveller to eternity, can you look upon such scenes as these, and not allow one spark of human sympathy to pierce your heart, or shed one tear of sorrow for that poor soul, who was once a bright and noble youth? Go into the lunatic asylum, and gaze upon the poor unfortunate beings who have been deprived of their reason through strong drink. Look upon them as they rave in frantic madness. Listen to their piercing shrieks and their blasphemy. Hear them as they curse their God, their

friends and their homes. Look at the violence that has in many instances to be used to keep them in subjection. Oh, God, is not this heart-rending? Should such scenes be permitted in a Christian land? Oh, man, thou art the cause of these dire calamities; be aware, there are dark, dismal clouds gathering over you, there is a Judge sitting upon the throne whose sentence is irrevocable. You cannot employ counsel to defend your cause. You cannot bribe witnesses to take false oaths. Your deeds are registered in the Great Judge's book. Petitions are daily ascending to Him; not written by human fingers, but signed and sealed by the countless numbers of unprepared souls that you have ushered into eternity by the strong drink that you have sold them; by the blood of the murdered wife and mother; by the heart-rending cries of starving children; by the piercing shrieks of the dying maniac; by the condemned criminal, and by the wails of orphans and widows. Can you calmly look upon these scenes, and treat the laws of God and your country with impunity? If you can, your heart must be blacker than the depths of hell, and sooner or later the retribution of a just heaven will overtake you. God has placed us upon this earth, and given us some mission to fulfil. What that mission may be we know not; but we do know that it is our duty to assist each other, and try to save our fellow creature from eternal destruction. Fathers, you that are addicted to excessive drinking, do you realize the sacrifice you are making when you are giving the liquor dealers your earnings? Do you know what you are doing? You are feeding and clothing his children, and letting your own go hungry and naked, and in return he gives you that which will deprive you of your reason and happiness. You are clothing his wife in silks and satins, and your own has to be deprived, even of attending divine worship, on account of her scanty wardrobe; he is giving you that slow poison which is draining your heart's blood; you are paying his rent, and allowing your own to go unpaid, and he is turning you and your family hopeless and helpless into the street. Fellow creatures, stop and ponder over your case, shake off the spell that binds you. If you have no strength go to God; He will give it thee and sustain thee. Mothers, on

you mainly depends your children's happiness; no father can command the same respect and esteem from the children as the mother does. From their birth they are under the watchful and tender care of the mother; 'tis you that ministers to their wants; 'tis you that shares their joy and grief; 'tis you that catches the first accents that fall from their lips; 'tis you that teaches them to lisp their first prayer; then do not neglect to impress upon their youthful minds the dangers of the intoxicating cup; teach them to shun it as they would a poisonous serpent; teach them that death and destruction lay at the bottom of it. Oh, mothers! Can you, will you, bring a curse upon your own soul, misery and woe upon your children, by following the usages of society in tempting them with the ruby wine? Remember the first glass you place in their hands may be the means of creating a craving appetite that will plunge them into a drunkard's grave. Young ladies, remember that noble heroine, Grace Darling, who, at the risk of her own life, ventured out on the tempestuous sea, in an open boat, to rescue her fellow creatures from a watery grave, are there not thousands of poor souls this day who need a friendly hand extended to them to save them from a far worse fate than a watery grave? There is a dark and turbid stream making rapid progress through this, your native land. Can you not seek to arrest its course? There are human souls adrift upon it, and unless you reach them before they come to the roaring cataract, they will be forever buried beneath its seething waters. Will you not launch out on the ocean of life? Why should you fear the rocks and shoals that lay in your track, or the howling winds and breakers that threaten you? Take God for your pilot, the Bible for your chart; you will ride safely through the storm, and finally bring those shipwrecked souls into the haven of sobriety. I do not believe that all drunkards should be condemned, or yet treated with contempt, as it is a well-established fact that drunkenness, like some diseases, is not contagious but hereditary. It has been asserted upon the best authority that the offspring of parents who are habitual drunkards inherit that craving appetite for strong drink, and they also become drunkards, and in that instance they are

more to be pitied than treated with scorn; yet there is a remedy provided even against that craving appetite; it is simply this: Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Still another: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Then why not accept this remedy? It will surely help you. But as to the liquor dealer, there should be no sympathy, for I believe that, in the sight of God, he is equally guilty as the man who plunges the knife into another's heart. In fact, what is the difference between administering slow poison or striking the fatal blow at once? The latter sends the victim at once into eternity, while the former leads the victim a life of misery and woe, and finally plunges him into everlasting despair. Some will argue that, had strong drink not been designed for man, an all-wise Being would not have put it upon the earth. He never did! He gave to man roots and plants, but man has put them to an improper use; he has used them for what they were never designed. God gave us the luscious peach as a delicacy. Did He tell us to extract the deadly narcotic that is contained in the kernel, and distribute it to our fellow beings? God gave us the viper and the rattlesnake. Did He tell us to take them into our homes, to nourish and cherish them? Nay, such theories as these are not based upon the Divine law, they are based upon the works of the devil; they will not stand test, and if there be a God, a judgment day, a bar of justice, the liquor dealer must stand before that bar charged with the foulest of crimes, and what can you say to that charge? Can you deny it? Nay, you cannot. You have robbed the land of some of the brightest of its youth; you have separated husband and wife; you have desolated homes; you have filled the prisons, the poorhouses, the lunatic asylums; you have supplied victims for the gallows, and last, but not least, you have robbed God of what justly belongs to Him — the souls of victims that you have ushered into eternity. You say you are not guilty? There is not an angel in heaven who will not sustain the charge against you. The Lord has given to each of us one or more talents — are we using those talents to the honor and glory of His name, or are we like the unfaithful steward, burying our Master's money in the earth?

Ministers of the Gospel, what say you? Are you, as ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, doing your duty as such in regard to the Temperance cause? Do you hesitate to proclaim it from the pulpit, the Sabbath school, or the private residence? Do you impress it upon the minds of your congregations that most dark and damning vices emanate from the free use of intoxicating drinks, or that nine-tenths of the crimes that are committed are committed under the influence of strong drink? Why should you hesitate in doing your duty to that God who has placed you in a position to show and teach the way to the gates of heaven? Do you fear man more than your Heavenly Father? Nay, you cannot. Then why not unfurl the banner of Temperance in your respective churches? Preach it, teach it, and practice it; you will be honoring your position as a teacher of God's law, and doing your duty towards your fellow creatures, who will stand at the same judgment seat as yourself.

Sabbath school teacher, are you doing your duty to the little ones that are entrusted Sabbath after Sabbath to your care and religious training? Does a shadow ever cross your mind that you may have in your class some poor, uncared for soul whose parents are drunkards? Do you instil it into their youthful minds that it is wrong in the sight of God to indulge in a practice that will eventually plunge them into a yawning chasm that will destroy both body and soul? The acorn is but small and insignificant-looking, yet in that little germ you behold the mighty and majestic monarch of the forest, which defies rude and angry winds, and stands there proudly rearing its head above all others, declaring the wonderful power of an Almighty God. May you not drop some little seed that will be transplanted into the heart of some poor drunkard, where it will germinate and bring forth a majestic tree that will bear many good fruits and nobly withstand all the assaults of the enemy, "Drink!" Would it not send a thrill of joy through your own soul when you know that through your instrumentality one of God's creatures had been snatched from eternal ruin? Temperance men and women, how do you stand in the cause? Are you using the talents the Lord has given you? Does the question ever arise in your mind who

is my neighbor? Are you earnest and sincere workers for your fellow creatures? Methinks I hear one say, "I belong to a lodge, and I attend it regularly. Is that sufficient? Faith without works is dead. You meet in your lodge room and discuss Temperance principles; you have a social time; but you have all signed the pledge. You want those who have not signed it. Do you ever have an opportunity, after leaving your lodge room, of showing that you are indeed a temperance worker? Should you, on your way home, fall in with some poor soul that is reeling to and fro, or, perchance, lying helpless in the gutter, what part of the drama would you enact? Would you, like the priest and the Levite, pass him by because he is a drunkard? Remember he is your brother, and if you do not become like him it is only because the grace of God abounds in your heart, whilst it has been witheld from his. The part you should take would be that of the good Samaritan: take him by the hand and lead him to his home; plead with him, pray for him. Think you the Almighty God would turn a deaf ear to an earnest prayer on behalf of one of his creatures? That act may be the means of snatching him from eternal ruin, and adding another star to your crown. You say, you have temperance lectures and open lodges. All very well, but how many drunkards attend those lectures? Do you ever give them a personal invitation? Do you visit their wretched abodes and speak a word of consolation to the poverty-stricken wife and children? Do you minister to their temporal and spiritual wants? If you do not, you are not doing your duty as temperance workers. Parents, how is it with you? You have a bright and promising boy; he has been the joy of your hearts; you have watched over him from his infancy; his sorrows were your sorrows, his joys were your joys. Upon him you have bestowed all your affections; you have taught him to love and fear God, to respect the poor and the aged. You have supplied his every want; he has knelt at the family altar with you night and morning; you have given him a moral and religious training, and occasionally you have indulged him with a glass of ruby wine. He matured into manhood, and is all that your heart could wish. He is about to leave his parental home to seek

another elsewhere. He carries with him a father's and a mother's blessing. Kind friends and associates bid him farewell. In his trunk can be found a copy of the Holy Scriptures, the last gift of a fond mother; on the first page are several texts inscribed by her own hand, but not one of them contain a warning against the ruby wine. Years go by; nothing is heard from that beloved boy, until tidings are conveyed across the ocean that he is incarcerated in a murderer's cell. The habits that he acquired in childhood have grown upon him. Step by step he has been brought into low, degrading company, and finally in a drunken brawl he has plunged the assassin's knife into the heart of an associate. Mothers, look at him now as he stands before an earthly judge to receive the sentence of death; then look back at him as he sat upon your knee, or knelt with you at evening prayer. You have bid him a last farewell; your next meeting will be at the bar of God. Can it be possible that on that day your own child will condemn you? Oh, mothers! beware of the first glass.

Merchants and business men, does it not concern you whether you employ an honest, sober man, or a drunkard? Can you expect a child to perform the duties of a man? It cannot; neither can the tremulous hand or the excited brain perform that which requires skilful and judicious management. Can a man who studies not his own interest study yours? It is preposterous to think so. Nature requires the human system to receive a certain amount of rest. How then can a man who spends his nights in drinking and carousing be able to perform the duties that are assigned to him? I care not though he be wise as Solomon, strong as Hercules—want of rest, excessive drinking, must impair the health, weaken the intellect, and utterly unfit him for any responsible situation. Tavern keepers tell you they are engaged in a legitimate business. When God created man He gave to him an immortal soul. That soul belongs to God alone; yet through the agency of alcohol you are robbing God of that soul and giving it to Satan. Is that legitimate? The divine Scriptures say "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." You are doing that through the strong drink you sell them; you are making orphans and widows; you are guiding the assas-

sin's knife, depriving men and women of their reason, and plunging them into everlasting despair. Is this legitimate? God forbids it; the laws of your country forbid it. Look upon the poor, frail mortal that has been hired by some miscreant to commit a foul and dastardly murder. The time draws nigh for its accomplishment; his courage fails him, he cannot do it alone. He seeks an ally; does he find help? Aye, readily in the form of alcohol. He is no longer a man; his moral reason has fled. He becomes a demon through false courage, and thus at the hour of midnight, through your agency, he does what man alone could not, dare not. Why an all-wise Being allows these things is beyond our conception, neither dare we question His authority; yet may we not presume to think that it is to shew us what frail creatures we are when left unsupported by His Almighty arm. You say these are imaginations; 'tis false, they are every day occurrences, soul-stirring facts that should kindle a flame in the breast of every man and woman, and I defy you in the face of heaven to show me in one single instance where strong drink has ever elevated man, woman, or child, either morally, physically, or socially; but, on the contrary, you can, where it has brought millions to a premature grave, to misery and woe and eternal destruction. You may visit all portions of the globe and you can find traces of the wreck and ruin that you have caused. Go visit large cities and towns, behold your work there. Go into the black slums and visit the abodes of habitual drunkards; look upon the poverty, the filth, the blasphemy. No brush can paint, no pen can portray it; it would beggar description; it would change the countenance of an angel of God. Then think upon the luxurious home that you are feasting in; that home has been purchased at a fearful price,—men and women's immortal souls. Think of countless numbers of homeless wanderers, as the earth spreads her mantle of darkness, throwing themselves upon the cold, cold ground, a stone for their pillow, the canopy of heaven for a covering. Think you, no one sees them, or knows the cause of their misery? Yes, there is a God, who does not allow a sparrow to fall to the ground without His consent. He watches over them, He knows that you are the cause of it, He has it all

charged against you, and at the judgment seat you must answer to that charge.

In South Clark Street, city of Chicago, a middle aged man, bearing an air of gentility despite his threadbare garments, enters a pawnbroker's shop, upon the counter he lays a small parcel and demands for it the sum of ten cents; the pawnbroker opens the parcel and gazes upon a tiny pair of shoes scarcely soiled. Where did you get these? was the question asked. At home, was the response. You had better take them home again to your child said the pawnbroker. She does not want them, said the father, she died last night; but I want a drink and must have it. Fathers! what a picture, your only child sleeping safely in the arms of Jesus, your broken-hearted companion watching beside the lifeless form of her loved one, and you in the pawn-shop pledging the little shoes for that which will separate you and your child forever. Fathers! you that are addicted to excessive drinking, stop and ponder. Have you ever prayed? Have you ever asked the Almighty God to give you strength to overcome your besetting sin? If you have not, I beseech of you to go to your closet, and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth ask for strength. Look upon your dying, bleeding Saviour; behold Him in the agonies of death, stretched upon the Cross of Calvary. He, too, was offered a stupefying potion. He shrank from it. Do thou likewise. Ask and ye shall receive. You say these scenes are fiction. Would to God they were fiction, there would be less misery and woe, less crime, less dilapidated buildings and mortgaged farms, and less victims for the gallows. Are there no sorrowing wives around who are eking out a scanty living by plying the needle from morn to night? no broken-hearted mothers lamenting the loss of a beloved boy? no fathers standing with outstretched arms waiting to receive the prodigal son? no fond sister hiding her face in shame from the disgrace that a drunken brother has brought upon her? Are there no mouldering forms in yonder cemetery who but for strong drink might now have been enjoying some honorable position in life? I have seen the effects of strong drink, and moreover I have felt them and feel them to this day. Fourteen years ago, when teaching school in the

vicinity of Moncton, I was an unwilling witness on a trial for selling strong drink to an Indian. The day following the trial whilst attending to my duties, a powerful man, whom I had never seen before, came to the school-house door and inquired if my name was Adams. I answered in the affirmative. That was all I knew until I was picked up out of the deep snow, where I had been left for dead. So seriously was I beaten and injured that my life was despaired of. Accordingly, my deposition was taken before Lawyer Hannington of Dorchester. The Grand Jury was then sitting, and a true bill of wilful attempt to murder was found by them. This act was committed by a man who, when a youth, was esteemed and respected by all who knew him: he was the son of a prominent doctor, his companion a lady belonging to one of the first families of Moncton. And where is that man to-day? He is in the United States,—a fugitive from British law, banished from his home and his family—and this was all the effects of strong drink.

It is an old adage that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Temperance workers, be not dismayed; if the stone you are rolling is not gathering moss, it is gathering something much more valuable,—it is gathering precious souls into the garner of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then press on; keep it rolling. You are engaged in a noble warfare. The Lord Jehovah is your leader, and as He opened up a passage through the Red Sea for the Israelites to escape their enemies, so will He open up a way for us to conquer King Alcohol; and may He, in His infinite mercy, hasten the day when every member you elect shall feel convinced in his heart that it is not lawful to put the price of blood into the Dominion Treasury. Some will tell us that they do not wish to go against public sentiment. My friends, public sentiment is not the point at issue: it is the salvation of the youth of this land. If the Pilgrim Fathers had been guided by public sentiment we would never have been blessed with civil and religious liberty; if Martin Luther had been guided by public opinion we would never have had a reformation; if the Son of God had gone no faster than public opinion there would never have been any atonement. Others will say they do not wish to say anything that will

injure the feelings of the retailer or consumer. My friends, I confess that I have no such tenderness. Must we be careful not to injure the feelings of the man who makes it his business to injure the feelings of others? Shall we regard the feelings of that man who transforms the kind and affectionate husband into a brute, and sends him home to abuse his wife and innocent children. Shall we be tender to that man's feelings who will not regard the tears and sufferings of the drunkard's wife? Shall we expend our sympathies upon him who takes the last copper from the purse of the inebriate when he knows the children are hungering for bread? Shall we extend to him our tender regards, while he is laying heavy and unjust burdens of taxation upon the community, filling our jails with criminals, our poor-houses with paupers, our graveyards with drunkards, and Hell with ruined souls?

Some will tell us that there is danger in going too fast. There may be danger in going too fast, but I know there is great danger in going too slow. Ministers may be so slow in sounding the alarm that half the young folks under their charge may contract habits that will ruin them for time and eternity. Parents may be so slow in embracing this question that their sons and daughters may copy their example, and become inebriates. Merchants may be so slow in throwing the liquor out of their cellars that their children may create a craving appetite that will plunge them into a drunkard's grave. The rum seller may be so slow in giving up his nefarious traffic that half the neighborhood may be ruined. The drunkard may be so slow in giving up his glass that the wife will die broken hearted, and his children beg for bread. So you see, my friends, we can go too slow as well as too fast. Again, you say, there are other vices: Sabbath breaking, blasphemy, gambling, horse racing, and so on; but, my friends, these all eminate from the use of alcoholic stimulants. Where is it we see the Sabbath so recklessly desecrated? 'Tis in the drink shop. Where do we find men blaspheming their Maker in almost every breath they draw? 'Tis in the rum shop. Where do we find gambling systematically carried on? 'Tis in the licensed tavern. Who do we find engaged in horse racing and betting? 'Tis those who love strong drink. These are all branches of the parent

stock, and they follow each other as legitimately as one link in a chain follows another. Again, there are those who rejoice when they see the poor inebriate, who is striving to recover himself, fall back; and, indeed, there are not a few who are so depraved, and have such a thirst for gold, they do not hesitate in pushing him back; the tears and entreaties of the wife have no restraint upon them; they engage in the traffic for the purpose of making money, and so long as they accomplish their purpose they care not how many estates they ruin, how many drunkards graves they fill, how many young men they destroy, or how many souls they send into a miserable eternity. There is no class upon earth that suffers so much as the inebriate's family. Who can estimate the amount of hunger, cold, misery, privation, mental and physical agony, that the inebriate's family endures, and all through the legalized traffic in strong drink. From these dens come forth men at all hours, prepared to fight, to fire buildings, to commit murder and to set at defiance the law of God and His holy gospel. Put a stop to these places and good must immediately follow. It would restore peace and plenty to the home of the drunkard; it would stop the desecration of the Sabbath; it would recommend the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ to thousands who have no strength to reform, or even to think of time, death, or eternity. Some will argue that liquor is beneficial to the system, that it strengthens the nerves, stimulates the body, and animates the mind; that it is invigorating. My friends, is that all it does? Dare I not say, all that, may become a man? It creates a sensual, devilish passion in the breast of man and woman; it imprints the crimson blush of shame upon the once pure cheek of modesty and virtue, robs the maiden of her priceless purity, and buries her once fair name in oblivion.

Some will tell us that it is of no use talking temperance as our Saviour himself converted water into wine. That I am willing to admit, but who dare say that Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ placed temptations into the hands of those whom He came to seek and to save. No greater reproach could be laid upon the character of our Lord than accusing him of giving fermented wine to those whom He sought to make His followers. Did our

Saviour mix with the gay and busy throng? did he partake of their festivities? did he join in the sports of the Herodian courts? He mixed with the world certainly, but it was only as their physician; in all other cases there was a gulf between Him and the world which he never essayed to cross. Let us look at what occurred previous to the miracle that He wrought. Being with His disciples, they ask Him to teach them how to pray. He tells them to ask His Father in Heaven, not to lead them into temptation. Men, women, and children, in whom are you putting your trust? Is it in the meek and lowly Jesus, who could not commit sin, or is it in one who gave to man that which would destroy both body and soul? Were you on a journey through a wilderness could you confide in a guide who had once led you into an ambush? No, certainly not. Then, could you confide in your blessed Saviour to lead you through this wilderness of life, to go with you through the dark valley and shadow of death, if He Himself did that which He asked His Father in Heaven not to do? My friends, discard such false ideas: they are not becoming to the children of God.

My picture is a dark one; but what artist can embellish a landscape with the golden hues of a summer sunset, when in reality it is a scene in the depths of a gloomy winter? Neither can I throw a ray of sunshine to illumine the picture of alcoholic stimulants,—it is the darkest, damning evil that ever man or woman allowed to find a resting-place in their hearts!